

town?"

until morning.

transferred.

The agent pointed with his finger toward the

"Keep right straight ahead," he said; you'll

But the agent was already in Dreamland.

Lyle started off at a swinging pace down the

road. He thought himself entirely alone, but

had he been gifted with eyes in the back of

his head he might have seen a second figure

slouch out of the shadows that lurked about

the little station and follow him at a distance,

taking care to keep on the dark side of the

road. It was not the station agent either; for

he was snoring now, at peace with all the

The stars came out one by one, but the moon

was only just rising, and darkness began to

Lyle Dermott did not reach Beetown that

Silently the dark form followed him, each

gather thickly over all the fields and woods.

night, nor indeed for a long time after that.

moment lessening the distance between them;

then he crept up behind the happy fellow

whistling so unconcernedly, and drawing some-

thing from beneath his coat, raised it high in

Then the form knelt by Dermott's side

and cleaned his pockets out. He left abso-

lutely nothing, so afraid was he that some-

thing of value might be overlooked; gold

Then one solitary figure went on its way to

The next morning, when the crimson streaks

of coming day were showing faintly in the

east, Farmer Dean started for Beetown. But

he did not arrive there, for half way he came

upon the body of a man lying by the side of

He jumped out of his wagon and knelt by

The heart was still beating.
Then the farmer put both hands in his

pockets, where he stood on the road, and gave

Then he went around to the back of the

wagon, where his hired man, who had been

"Jake, Jake," darn it, be you dead, too!

"Wha-what!" drawled the sleepy fellow.

"A dead man, that's all," shouted Farmer

Jake sprang to his feet as though he were

Carefully the now wide-awake Jake and

Farmer Dean lifted up the inanimate form and

placed it among the vegetables in the wagon.

Then Jake rode post-haste after a doctor.

The injured man was put to bed, and Mollie,

Farmer Dean's delicate daughter, who looked

as if a puff of wind from of her native hills

the blood from the poor wounded forehead,

and smoothed the shapely white hand, now

restless with fever. The doctor came again

bore up nobly under the terrible strain, and in

room and sat down in Farmer Dean's sitting-

Mollie was sewing when he seated himself

"It seems nice to have you well," she said.

"It does to me," he replied heartily, "and

Mollie's eyes grew wide with wonder.

for you? Do you think my father would let a

The maiden's eyes were tender with unshed

"Your father is one of God's noblemen."

"Mollie," said he, "were there any papers

" Have I said anything to give you a clew to

Again the same puzzled look came into his

"Do you know," he said, "that I have for-

gotten all my life, previous to that unfortun-

"It is true," he said sadly. "I do not know how I came here, where I belong, or what my

business was. I think my name is Perry; at

any rate, that will have to do me, for all my

"Never mind," said the girl gently, "per-

"Perhaps," he assented, doubtfully; and se

As George Perry-the first name that had

occurred to him, Lyle Dermott became known

Farmer Dean grew to be like a father to the

young man, and Mollie, though not a sister, was

perhaps dearer than a sister could be. He secured

and filled his position of trust with satisfaction

to his employers. His head was perfectly level.

but the past was a blank, and occasionally the

mystified expression rose from the depths of

At about this time he became aware that

He noticed, too, another thing about her.

young life as a prey to its rapacity, as the hec-

She was so gentle, she had been so much to

him when he needed help, that he could not

help loving her, and it pained him deeply to

Mollie Dean regarded him with tenderer feel-

ings than mere friendly regard.

tic bloom on her fair cheek testified.

The girl opened her eyes in amazement.

haps it will come to you, sometime.'

to the country people 'round about.

about my body when your father found me,"

tears as she paid this tribute to her father.

Then a puzzled look overspread his face.

"No; everything had been taken."

beside her, and she raised her eyes timidly to

would waft her frail form afar off, gently bathed

Then they turned the horse's head and back

"Where? Where?" he cried wildly.

routed out at an early hour, lay asleep.

the body. Then he put his band over the

"By ginger, he's alive," he ejaculated.

Beetown, and that other lay by the side of the

road, with the stars of heaven shining down

watch, pocket-book, and papers, all

gathering on his pallid brow.

vent to a long whistle.

Dean in his ear.

for all time, and until eternity should bring us | early September Lyle Dermott came out of his

room a well man.

said Dermott.

my identity?"

past is a blank."

the matter rested.

"Robbery," by gosh!"

One look was sufficient.

scattered about the fertile valley.

Then another whistle.

see the lights when you get there."

"So I suppose. Well, good-night."

Dermott smiled to himself.



NDER the moonlight and amid rare flowers that yield their perfume to the Summer air, where the soft fall of the water that drops from the fountain into its marble basin below and the faint twitter of some sleepy bird are all the sounds to be heard, had Lyle Dermott been made the happiest of

For there had Mary Severne, the beautiful daughter of Banker Severne, given her white hand to him, and said: "I love you."

Sweetest words ever spoken by the dearest lips in the world to him. Now they are pacing slowly up and down the broad, graveled walk, bordered by brilliant flowers, whose hues are softened and etherealized by the slanting moonbeams that fall across their drooping They are perfectly happy, these two, for

there is no obstacle in the way of a speedy and blissful consummation of their most ardent hopes. Yet, strangely enough, their conversation turns upon sorrowful things.

"Lyle," said Miss Severne, turning toward the air, and brought it down with terrible force him a pair of tender brown eyes, whose depths on the head of his unsuspecting victim. held unbounded happiness, "what do think would be the greatest sorrow that could fall upon one?"

He turned suddenly and tightened his clasp on the hand he held, "To lose the one we love best in all the world," he answered, gravely. "But why talk so gloomily when the future is all bright before us?" "I do not know, she murmured, softly: "but

the thought came to me-I have often thought of it before now-and, do you know, I think the saddest fate in all the world is to be for-"Forgotten!" he added, wonderingly.

"Yes; to feel that we are nothing to one to whom we had been all; that our presence or absence is not felt by them; that they are as indifferent to us as the veriest stranger. Oh, the road, it is awful to me!" and she drew closer still to

"There! Let us cast such forebodings to the heart. wind as easily as I do this flower," and, stooping, he gathered a blush rose and scattered its petals on the evening air.

Such dark thoughts are not for you, my beloved," he continued, tenderly. "You are sheltered from all the storms of this rough world, and always shall be."

"Perhaps it is because you are going away," Miss Severne remarked, as they turned to retrace their way down the long walk.

"Oh, yes," and an impatient frown settled

on Lyle Dermott's brow. "That is too bad; Here, wake up." but Richards would send no one but me." "Why not?" "Well, you see his mind is set on making some investments in real estate in western

Massachusetts, buying up farms, which he thinks will eventually rise on his hands, and make him richer than he is now. It is some wild scheme of his to advertise these places, boom them, so to speak, and thus raise their value. So he wants me to take a trip through these districts, and negotiate for all the land I

"When do you start?" asked Mary.

"To-morrow." "So soon?" she murmured.

"The sooner I start the sooner I will return love," said he. So they parted, as all fond lovers do, with

tender vows and promises. Ah, how many of us have parted like that! How many hands we have taken in ours how many trembling lips kissed, as we mur-mured "only for a little while." Well, per- and again. The naturally strong constitution haps it may be for a little while, but often it is

again face to face. Lyle Dermott rose early the next morning and, with a merry heart, set out on his journey. It was June weather, perfect, sunshiny, the air laden with the scent of richest bloom from garden and field. From the open car window | pink. he could catch the perfume of roses, mingled with the faint, sweet breath of flowers that bloomed in shady woodland haunts, through which they passed. He was not a handsome and you." young man, this Lyle Dermott, in the sense in which the word is usually accepted. But the sunny gray eyes spoke of a cheerful good nature, as well as a well-balanced intellect. The face was one to be trusted and loved, rather than admired for its classic outlines, or artistic coloring. In build he was a good specimen of kind and good. the athletic men turned out by the training of

our best colleges of to-day. Lyle Dermott was the only son of the senior partner of a rich banking firm in Boston, when it had been Dermott & Richards. Now that his father was dead and the firm name had been changed to Richards & Dermott, he was the junior partner, and, in fact, the active partner, for Mr. Richards was nearly past work, and contented himself with starting new enterprises for his younger partner to carry out. Now he had become wild over the acres of land going to waste in some of the small towns in western Massachusetts. These deserted farms, he believed, could be bought, and then by a little judicious booming sold again, at a profit, thus benefiting humanity and his own pocket at the same time.

When the shades of night had wrapped the landscape in that indistinguishable hue that precedes the starlit darkness of the night, the cars drew up at a small station in an out-of-theway town miles and miles from the busy city

With a sigh of thankfulness that the journey was ended Lyle Dermott arose from his seat

and alighted from the cars. The station was all dark save for the dim light in the waiting-room. Away up the long line of the track the train disappeared with a hiss and a roar, and one by one the signal lanterns gleamed out against the fast-increasing darkness.

He was evidently the only passenger, and he concern in Beetown, but his home was with the at once started on an investigating tour. Deans. So the long Winter were away and the Inside the dingy room he found the stapleasant days of early Summer filled the earth tion agent stretched out for a nap on a set-

"Can you tell me where I shall find a hotel?

asked Lyle. "Eh," sleepily answered the agent, rubbing his eyes, "hotel; none nearer than Beetown,

two miles away." "Is there any place where I can put up?"

asked Dermott "Not around here. There ain't any houses here. This is only a station. You must have

got off at the wrong place." Whew!" Dermont whistled a soft, low whistle, expressive of disgust. "Aren't there any houses near here?"

"A few farmhouses a mile and a half away." "Any convoyances?"

The agent was evidently bored or sleepy. "Then I must walk," decided Lyle, consult | see her droop as she did sometimes in the trying his watch. It was 8 o'clock. "I can easily | ing Spring days.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria

his gray eyes.

He loved her.

So one night in early June, when she was walking among the old-fashioned flowers, he sweet to youthful hearts.

"I love you." She had spoken the low words that linked her future with his, and lovingly, trustingly given her heart into his keeping. "I cannot tell you anything of my past,

"I wish I could. But it is a poor, nameless wanderer, with no past, you have taken for better or worse." "You have a future," she whispered, hopefully, "and I will share it for a little while, at | ness." least. I do not care what lies buried in that forgotten past, dear. Surely if you cannot recall it, and I have never known it, we may be

"God grant it," he said. Then in a little while he spoke to her again, in the tender, caressing way he had always used toward her. "Come, you must go in now; the night air is damp. I will stay out for one cigar and then go to bed; but you, dear-this air is too cool for you.'

"Yes, I will go," she answered him," but there is one thing I want to say to you before I go," and she stopped in the path close by his side. "If I die-sometimes I have thought I should not live to be very old-but if I should | affairs, and Miss Severne gave the female gosdie, dear, say you will never forget me. Oh, I could not bear to be forgotten."

There was pitiful earnestness in the tremulous voice and the childish blue eyes. "Mollie, darling, don't talk so; you pain me,' and his eyes grew very grave.

The maiden stooped and picked a rose, a blush rose, from a bush near by, then she looked up at him with laughing eyes from which the sadness had vanished. "Good night, dear love," she said as she

turned to leave him; then threw the rose into the house. He stooped to pick it up, but it fell to pieces beneath his touch, and its petals were scattered | love-and to hope. - Philadelphia Press.

western hills, where the sun had lately gone to the evening winds, while a faint perfume ascended from the heart of the dying flower. When he rose to his feet his face bore the ashy paleness of death, the cold damp of almost unbearable anguish started out on his forehead, and he leaned against the fence nearby for sup-His last train was in, and he could sleep now

For in that brief moment he had remem-His life, with its promising past, had come back to him in a flash, and with it what depths

In his newly-awakened consciousness his love for Mary Severne stood out with all the force of manly passion, to be felt but once, while the tenderness he experienced for sweet little Mollie Dean resolved itself into its true form, brotherly love and pity. All that night he lay awake thinking, and in the morning he told Mollie of what had come to him, only he could not bring himself to speak of Mary

Severne. "Oh, I am so glad," said the unsuspecting

"So glad," he groaned within himself; so glad, when he was ready to die. Bound by two ties, to break one of which would be death to the fragile flower here; to break the other, a living death to himself. "What is the matter? Are you not pleased?"

"Of course, child; but this return to sanity will necessitate my absence for a few days, possibly a week. I must let them know where I have been, and then, you know, we must soon go down to Boston for good," and he smiled at the blushing girl, who could not guess what that "we" had cost him. The next day Mr. Richards looked up from

on his unconscious face and the night dews "Eh! upon my soul!" he ejaculated, rising to his feet in astonishment. "Don't you know me, Mr. Richards?" asked

his desk to see before him one risen from the

"Know you? yes; but, bless me, where have you been for a year back?" he said, grasping Lyle's hand in a hearty grip while a suspicious moisture rose to his eyes.

"Not a great way off." "Sit down, sit down," urged the elder man, sinking into a seat himself. "Now," when Lyle had taken a chair, "let us hear where you have been." "Near Beetown, in a farmhouse in western

Massachusetts," returned the young man. "What were you doing there?" "Trying to remember who I was and where belonged. "Why, bless me," said Mr. Richards, "what

made you forget that?" "I will tell you. You remember that I left here a year ago on a mission for you?"

"Well, I alighted at a little station, the wrong one, as I afterward learned. After learning my mistake I started to walk the distance to Beetown, about two miles. When half-way there I was attacked from behind by some one who knocked me senseless, robbed me of everything, even scraps of paper, and left me for dead; was picked up the next morning by a farmer, who carried me through three months of delirium, and when I recovered I could not remember any of my past life; assumed the they went past the lonesome little station to one of the broad white farm-houses that lay name of George Perry because that came to me first, and only recently the knowledge came to me that I had any business or other relations

"A curious story." mused Mr. Richards, "but I have heard of a number of similar cases. Strange we didn't think of that. After your mysterious disappearance we advertised and put detectives on your track, but it was all useless. So we gave you up for lost." "And dead," supplemented Lyle.

"No, never that," asserted Mr. Richards. "I always felt sure you would come back some There was one more visit for Lyle Dermott

to pay, and he started out with a heavy heart. Arriving at Mr. Severne's residence, he sent up word to Mary, stating simply that he | than any of her previous ones. his, while her pale cheek flushed a delicate brought news of Lyle Dermott.

A soft rustle of silken robes heraled her approach, and in another moment she stood beunder God I owe my recovery to your father | fore him. Hope and fear struggled for the mastery in

her eyes, as she entered the room. Then she "Do you think it so strange that we cared saw him, and with a quick, glad cry of "Lyle, dearest," she crossed the short space that divided them, and clung to him, sobbing in the fellow-creature lie in the road, hurt as you transport of her joy.
"Mary, dear one," he murmured, softly, were, and not bring him to his home? Father's ways are rough sometimes, but his heart is very caressing her silken hair with his hand, "it

> was cruel of me to surprise you so." "No, no; I am so glad," she said brokenly. "I thought you were dead, and you have come back to me; oh, my love." Then he remembered.

A cruel pang rent his heartstrings, and something like a groan escaped him. He led her to a seat, and sat down himself Then he told her what he had already told

Mr. Richards. "How terrible," murmured Mary, pressing closer to his side, "but it is all over now." His face grew ghastly, but she could not see it. Her own eyes were covered with one soft, white hand, over which trickled a few pearly

"Wait," he said gravely, "there is more to tell. Farmer Dean, who was so kind to me, had a daughter." "Yes," assents Miss Severne in low tones.

With a great effort Lyle Dermott pulled himself together and continued: "She is a frail, delicate girl, who is already in the first stages of consumption, I fear. With careful treatment she might live a few years.

A shock would be fatal in a short time. Mary Severne sat with bowed head, but no word came from her lips, so he went on: "She was an angel of goodness to me while I was so strangely ill, and under the influence of the disease which held me for a year I grew to a good position in the office of a manufacturing | like her.'

He hesitated, and Mary murmured softly Yes, I see." "One fatal day in June, I not rememberingagain with sunshine and gladness. Perry, as you will forgive me, Mary-I asked her to be we know him now, grew strong and healthy, my wife."

In silence he waited for her to speak. She lifted her head, and from her face every vestige of color had fied. Then, with a painful gasp, the words came: "You had forgotten me. Oh, Lyle, Lyle, my

heart is broken."

He rose from his seat and stood before her. while his words came fast, each one dropping like lead on the gentle heart before him. She was a frail flower, and already that New England disease, consumption, had marked her call back those days. She loves me, Mary, as tenderly as you everdid, but I swear to you in this, the most solemn moment of my life, that I never loved her with the love I feel for you, never for a moment."

"Is that true, Lyle, even when I was forgotten?" "As God is my witness, it is true," he responded. She rose, with the light of a heavenly deter-

softly on his arm, and said :

"Lyle, if never through it all you have been think I would willingly shorten her life? No; go to her, fulfill your vows to her, and make

untrue to me, then I can bear it. You say it joined her, and told her the old, old story, so would kill this girl to learn the truth. Do you her happy."

"Oh, my love," he answered her, I cannot.' "Hush. It is the only way. Could you do anything that would hasten her death? To think of all her kindness to you. Oh, you candear," he said, as he held her soft hand in his. not repay it with such cruelty? "Go," she urges him. "I shall be happier in

the knowledge that we have done right than if we had selfishly sought our own happi-"The day may yet come, sometime in the

future," he tells her as they part, "when I can return to you." "If it never does, Lyle," she says, and her brown eyes are glorified with the intensity of her love and sacrifice, "I shall know, and in the great hereafter we may yet find the happiness that was here denied us."

So he shut out paradise at her bidding, and sternly turned his face where duty called. There was a quiet wedding among the hills, and Lyle Dermott brought his young wife to Boston with him.

If his friends thought it strange they had

burne says of the eyes of changing shades:

Those eyes the greenest of things blue,

There are the green eyes that color to brown

"A pretty girl, and in her tender eyes

down the entire length. In any case the space

allow them to be folded together. Another

way to make this is to take the cardboard

backs, lay them on the silk with a sufficiently

wide space between them to accomplish the

same result as the hinges. Face this space

and at the outer edges of the two end ones.

above described and are fastened to the backs.

It takes a wide piece of silk to allow all four

panels to be fastened to it as thus described,

Another, a circular frame, is nine inches in

loose loops. Of course when gluing the front

and back of this together an opening must

be left at the top, so that the picture can be

slipped in. These frames are pretty in flowered

silk, or can be made of crepe or some soft ma-

terial, with a small bunch of flowers fastened

to the lower rim, right under the opening.

One-a rose frame-is of pink silk, with two

Water-color paper is used for the fourth, but

of satin of exactly the same shade, are needed

Embroidered linen used this way makes a dainty

frame, and a pretty one had "bachelor's but-

tons" embroidered with silk in the bluest of

or three loosely-caught pink silk roses.

of course it can be made

up as others were, ex-

cept for the difference

in shape. These are

paper, with a bunch of

bright flowers painted

on them. Nasturtiums,

in their warm, bright

colors, are pretty to be

painted in careless

groups around the open-

ing. Then the ribbons.

diameter, and has an

opening three inches

in diameter. It has a

layer of batting and

then of muslin before

the silken, cretonne, or

linen cover is put on.

making a padded

frame, very pretty in a

circular shape. Rib-

bons are glued in be-

tween the front and

back, and are tied in

but it is a neat method.

between the panels must be wide enough to

"O fervid eyelids, letting through

The bluest of things gray."

mignonet-than anything else.

In evening skies."

long ago learned better than to interfere in his sips who interviewed her no satisfaction. The nine days' wonder soon ceased to be a wonder at all, and Lyle Dermott went his way among men, seldom meeting the woman who had sacrificed herself for the life and happiness her "soft, emerald eyes."

of another. As for Mary Severne, not one wish of hers will ever shorten the life of Lyle Dermott's wife. But is she to blame if, in the midst of her patient waiting, and when she sometimes sees the quick flush on the pale cheek and the shadows of another world in the blue eyes, is gently at him, from over her shoulder, and ran | she to blame if she looks forward to a time when her waiting will be over and he will be free? She is only human, and it is human to

## RECENT LITERATURE.

A YOUNG MAN OF THE PERIOD. By Andre Theuriet. Published by Laird & Lee, Chicago

This novel, which has met with unusual popularity in France, has been well translated by Max Maury. It gives admirable pictures of French manners and society, and is a most interesting story.

A BLUE-STOCKING. A Novel. By Mrs. Annie Edwardes, Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York City. Price 50 cents. A WOMAN'S WEB. A Novel, By C. V. Maitland. Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York City.

STRIKERS AND COMMUNISTS. Allan Pinkerton's Great Detective Series. Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York City. Price 50 cents. A SOUL FROM PUDGE'S CORNERS. A Novel. By Jessie F. O'Donnell. Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York City. Price 50 cents.

THE LAST TENET IMPOSED UPON THE KHAN OF TOMATHOZ. A Humorous Tale. By Hudor Genone, Illustrated by Louis M. Glackens. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago. Price 50 cents. LESSONS FROM THE WORLD OF MATTER AND THE WORLD OF MAN. By Theodore Parker. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, Price 50 cents.

These papers have been carefully selected from the notes of unpublished sermons of the late emineut Theodore Parker, by Rufus Leighton, and embrace a wide range of topics. The aim has not been to produce a volume of brilliant and striking passages, such as might easily have been gathered from the materials at hand, nor to present in any connected and comprehensive manner the philosophical and religious opinions of Mr. Parker, but rather to bring together in convenient form some of the familiar lessons with which his sermons abound, drawn from the world of matter and from the nature and experience of man, and useful as helps in the formation of character and the conduct of life.

A BIG STAKE. A Novel. By Mrs. Robert Joce-lyn. Published by J. B. Lippincott Co., Phila-delphia. Price 50 cents. HOW MEN MAKE LOVE AND GET MARRIED.

By D. R. McAnally, jr. Published by Laird & Lee, Chicago. Price 50 cents. CHICAGO BY NIGHT. What to See and How to Find It. The Pleasure-Secker's Guide to the Paris of America. Published by Thomson & Zimmerman, Chicago, Price 50 cents.

HUSBANDS AND HOMES, A Novel. By Marion Harland. Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York City. Price 50 cents. with a piece of the silk. The silk must be TARIFF REFORM THE PARAMOUNT ISSUE.

By William M. Springer. Published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York City. Price \$1. fastened over the top and bottom of each panel The fronts are covered in the same way as

This volume consists of speeches and writings on the questions involved in the Presidential contest of 1892, with an introductory sketch of the author by Alexander J. Jones. Mr. Springer has made the subject of tariff reform a special study during the past 22 years. His early efforts. beginning in 1870, were not reported, the subject being at that time obscured by other issues deemed by the public of more importance. The publication, therefore, of his speeches and writings in this work begins with the agitation of the tariff question in the 47th Congress, which created the Tariff Commission and passed the act of March 3, 1883. Every important feature in the existing tariff laws has been carefully considered, and facts essential to a clear comprehension of the questions of most vital interest in the pending contest have been set forth. The National Democratic Committee has indersed the work, and is distributing copies of it.

FOR HIS SAKE. By Mrs. Alexander. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, Pa. Price 50 cents.

Mrs. Alexander needs no introduction, especially to our lady readers, to whom she is an old and valued friend. It is sufficient praise to say that this story is, if anything, better

Magazines and Notes.

We have received from the publishers, "True Blue" Republican Campaign Songs, and "Red Hot" Democratic Campaign Songs-two books. each containing a collection of new songs arranged for male quartet clubs, with music and words complete, and just what is wanted for the Presidential Campaign of 1892. Nothing is more effective than stirring and appropriate songs for campaign purposes, and they are furnished in great variety in "True Blue" and "Red Hot." Sold by music and news dealers generally, or upon receipt of 10 cents each, copies will be mailed to any address by The S. made of the heavy Brainard's Sons Co., Chicago, Ill. A very fine poem from the hand of Comrade

William H. Crooks, of Pocantico Hills, N. Y., has been received, and read with much pleasure. The poem was first delivered before Ward B. Burnett Post, 496, of Tarrytown, N. Y., and elicited great commendation.

In the Interests of Precision.

"There! Another musquito has bitten me!" exclaimed Mrs. Snaggs, as she made a rapid slap at the insect, and only succeeded in striking the spot where it had been operating.
"I think you are mistaken," replied Mr.

"You irritate me a great deal more than the

musketos do. Now. I want to ask you one

"Well, there can be no bite without teeth."

"Then Mr. Snaggs," exclaimed his wife tri

umphantly, "I am right after all. The mus-

Snaggs, it is always well to be accurate. Now'

But she did not finish. A yell and a vicious

question."

"Go ahead."

use of the saws.

"What constitutes a bite?"

Snaggs.
"Mistaken! Indeed I'm not! I know a That economical plan of having several musquito's bite when I feel one." waists to wear with a dark skirt is one that 'That's precisely where you are mistaken. has other than its economical beauties to Mr. Snaggs went on. "I know you merely recommend it. The skirt itself should be of follow colloquial usage when you say a mussome quiet color, and well made. Black particuquito bit you, but nevertheless usage is wrong. It is always well to be accurate, and in this larly requires careful fitting. Of the three case it is not accurate to speak of a musquito's waists shown, the first is pretty for dark silk. In bite. The mosquito's operations in search of black, with silver or gilt braid trimmings, it food are truly interesting, especially when he is would make a very dressy costume with a plain operating on some other person's epidermis. He carries with him a remarkable kit of tools, black skirt. In a story in one of the magaconsisting of two saws, a lance, and a pump zines the girl-the sweetheart-wore a gown With the lance a puncture is made in the skin, of "shimmery, golden-brown silk" made with but the perforation is not wide enough for the insertion of the pump which is to transfer a belted in with a narrow silver girdle. This roses like these to their lapels. portion of your blood to the insect's stomach. So the saws are introduced, and they commence suggests a very pretty effect for a brown silk to widen the puncture. It is the operation of waist to be worn with a dark-brown cloth the saws which causes the irritation to which skirt. Made as shown in this picture with a you allude as a bite. You see, my dear, how fine-patterned, rather narrow silver braid, it inaccurate it is to talk of a musketo's bite. would make a gown pretty enough for any Don't you?" "Mr. Snaggs!" "sweetheart." To make it, the lining is fitted " Well?" carefully, boned, and fastened down the front

blues.

The silk is gathered in fine little folds into the shoulder-seams, and the fronts are crossed in surplice fashion. The full sleeves are very much like the ordinary two-puffed sleeves, except there are fine gathers put along the keto bites with the teeth of his saws. Mr. side seams, as well as at the top. The bands are of the braid. The under part of the sleeve can be made plain, like the lining, while the slap from her husband indicated that one of mination in her beautiful eyes, laid her hand the musketos was giving him a lesson in the upper part, with its folds and bands, is made on its lining, and the two are then sewed of the new fashions.

with hooks and eyes.

Those green-eyed girls who have thus far together. It makes a less clumsy sleeve than gone through life wailing that nature put her to have the fullness extend under the arm own favorite color in their orbs. Let them re-The braid is put around the waist in a girdlejoice in the writings of Cervantes, Longfellow, shape, slightly pointed in the back and front. Swinburne, and others, for therein are the "emerald eyes" most highly praised. Swinwith gold braid.

> over" waist to be worn with a white wool skirt. The wide revers of the little jacket | make artistic dresses, and this and tight lacing are faced back with green velvet, and the silk | are incompatible. blouse-front worn with it is also of green.

or golden, and seem more like a flower-the The wide, flaring cuffs are of white lined Longfellow, in the "Spanish Student," tells of the "young and green-eyed Gaditana" and a very artistic little costume. It can be made crease in common sense as to an increase in the

According to recent statements, the average American girl to-day is one inch larger around the hips and bust than was the average girl 10 years ago. She is also larger around the waist, and better developed in every way. This improvement is attributed to the fact that exercise, particularly outdoor exercise, is so much more in vogue than it was, and that good health is prized more, and considered more beautiful than sickly, pallid dell-

Again, girls, instead of eating chalk and arsenic to improve their complexions, using belladonna to brighten their eyes, and lacing so tightly that stays could only be brought together with the help of a bedpost and a button-hook, brighten their eyes and clear their skin by means of regular diet, careful bathing, and quantities of fresh air. Deep-This style also would be pretty in red silk breathing exercises are more fashionable than tight stays. Worth, the greatest dressmaker, The second picture shows a little "made- dislikes to costume pinched-in figures, and, if possible, always refuses to do so. He sims to

It is well known that large sizes in women's with the green. The girdle fastens with three shoes are more in demand than the very small rhinestone and silver buttons, making in all ones, but this might be due as much to an in-



MADE-OVER GOWNS.

up prettily in any other colors. To wear with | actual size of the foot. While girls delight in the here-in-before-mentioned black skirt, a black waist with a little blouse front of gay silk would be pretty. Sometimes it is most pleasing to face the jacket revers with the same color as the jacket itself; this is particularly true when the front is of plain silk. However, when it is of striped, flowered, or changeable material, it gives a good effect to face the revers with silk or velvet of one of the shades.

The third waist can be made up of silk or chiffon, and worn with a dark skirt, or it is a simple fashion for an entire frock. It is a shirred waist with ribbons and bows outlining the several rows. The two upper rows can be left off entirely, making it slightly low-necked. The sleeves are easily made and are tied with ribbon. This style is also useful for "making over" or brightening old gowns. A white wool or silk skirt worn with a chiffon or mull waist, made in this way, trimmed with narrow blue ribbons, is a dainty evening costume.

straight, narrow belt. Soft, heavy white silk is the material used for the bridal gown here shown. It is made up in a style particularly becoming to a slender

figure. The plain skirt and heavy train fall in straight folds. A full ruffle caught occasionally with flowers finishes the bottom of the skirt, but does not extend around the train. The waist, fitted in the back, is made in front of folds sewed in with the shoulder and side seams and drawn around on one side to make a close-fitting girdle. On the other side the folds are simply drawn down under the girdle. A sash with knotted ends and short loops is fastened at the side. In the front is a tucker of tulle, closely gathered to a standing band around the neck. This tucker might be of chiffon. The sleeves have short puffs and long, close-fitting undersleeves. Where the puff ends a band and bow of ribbon is fastened. A frill around the waist falls over the gloved hands. A long vail of tulle falls down over the train and around the figure.

A stylish arrangement of ribbon bands and loops for hat trimmings is shown in the heading illustration. The bat is a white felt trimmed with heavy white silk ribbon, a bunch of loose violets in shades of purple is caught in with the bow, and a few are tucked in the back next the hair, relieving the monotonous whiteness.

Several close little rosebuds, tied tightly together with a little green, are more fashionable for buttonhole-bouquets than even the carnations or orchids, so long worn by the men. soft folds in the waist and a long skirt. It was Even as the men do, the girls fasten bunches of

> A little lavender sachet to put in with the household linen is of white linen-a piece doubled making a bag about nine by five and a half inches is a good size, though they can be smaller. Sew it up at the side, fringe the ends out and hemstitch them together. Embroider diagonally across one side the word lavender, using purple wash-silk and doing it in the outline stitch. Across the back have a band of lavender ribbon. At each end tie a bow. Fasten the bows on the embroidered side and the sachet is finished, except that before the ends are fastened there ought to be a little flat package of the fragrant lavender slipped in.

. . . Directoire sashes and revers are seen in many up and down with every rock of the chair.

narrow, high-heeled, pointed shoes for house and evening wear, they have no use for them on long walks or while playing tennis, but choose, instead, a long, low-heeled shoe or boot that will give them perfect case and freedom. On the other hand, so to speak, the glovedealers say that the demand for the smaller sizes in gloves is increasing, while the larger sizes are rarely wanted, which might indicate that the hands are decreasing in size. . .

The slippers with two narrow straps crossing over the instep are more worn now than any other style. They are mostly made up in the suede leather in evening shades. In gray they are particularly demure and pretty. . . Very scant ruffles are used for trimming

dress skirts. When they are made of ribbon, as they frequently are, the effect is very pretty, as they do not require a heading, and seem but a wavy continuation of the folds of the dress French milliners often slit the ribs of the

wide-brimmed hats and then bend them up

easily in the back. Two cuts, one on either

side, are generally made. It makes hat-trim-

ming easier in one way, but it requires some skill to judge exactly where the cuts ought to Light-colored felt hats promise to be much

favored. Golden brown is a fashiomable color.

A pretty costume is described as being of cloth, "turtle-dove color," combined with "real peach-pink" chiffon. Between the soft surplice folds of the waist was a fullness of the chiffon. The sleeves were two puts with a frill of the goods and an under frill of the chiffon. The long-trained skirt was made of the cloth with no trimming save a little braiding around its hem of the same soft brown as its own color. This braiding outlined the surplice folds and the bands of the sleeves and .

One of the many space-saving schemes that spring up every day is to have large boxes made and mounted on wheels that they may be easily rolled about. They are low enough to be slipped under the bed, and are generally used to hold clothing not in immediate use, but are available for other purposes, of course.

Black sashes of velvet or silk are worn with the plaid waists and the dark-blue or black skirts. They are a necessary addition, too, giving a piquant finish to the costome more artistic than any colored belt or sash.



A Fall dress of crepe cloth with a fine dark stripe is made with wide revers, puffed sleeves and a plain skirt. The skirt ruflle has knote of green velvet (the stripe in the goods is green) at intervals along its upper edge. This is a very popular style for house-dresses and a pretty one. The rufile of chiffon that fills in between the revers is of white. The belt is made of the goods.

A "pointer" to the girl in a rockingchair: Always keep one fact touching the floor. Let the heel rise and fall and the foot arch and bend, to assommedate itself to the swing of the chair, but do not let the toes of that one foot leave the floor. This is much more graceful than having both feet bobbing

ELSIE POMEROY McELROY.